

WESTERN PEOPLE

Supplement to The Western Producer January 20, 2000



CLASS CLOWN

'ZACHARY Yo-Yo'

WESTERN PEOPLE

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Child someday
I'll try to write
a poem about you

Anemone fingers search
where is the warm pool
you recently lolled in?

Awake or sleeping
I love to look at
your dear newness

You have an aura
I am in awe
wanting you to not change

You do hourly

— Winona Baker

COVER PHOTO

Rodeo clown Cody Schoep. Photo by Jodie Schoep. Story, page 11.

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Dear Reader

If you're wondering why Peanuts still adorns the top of the comics page (p. 14) when Charles Schulz announced he was pulling the plug effective Jan. 3 partly because of health problems and perhaps, one would guess, because of plain old age, the reason is simple. Get out the magnifying glass, Martha, the copyright date on that strip (between the third and fourth panels) is 1974, even though the handwritten date is 1-4-00.

Yes, Peanuts is being recycled as Peanuts Classics. That seems like a pretty good idea, because, to me at least, Charlie Brown et al were

funnier on a consistent basis 26 years ago than they have been lately. Few people have memories so keen that they would recall a specific comic from the Trudeau era, and since Peanuts seldom if ever drifted into trendy topics, it wears its age well. It also was a lot smaller back then, in height at least. Compare it with the other comics on page 14 and you'll see what I mean.

Peanuts actually goes back much further than 1974. Schulz's first Peanuts strip (a title he never approved of, by the way) appeared in seven newspapers on Oct. 2, 1950. Fifty years later, it runs in 2,600 papers in 75 countries and 21 languages.

Western People didn't exist in

1950, although *The Western Producer* had a magazine supplement called (are you ready for this?) *The Western Producer Magazine*. It was 16 pages and three of those pages were devoted to comics — not strips but the "Sunday" variety, with eight or more panels each. Therefore, each comic took up a full page. Back in 1950 the comics of choice were the Katzenjammer Kids ("Aha, so it was only a phonygraft und a sling-shot? Vot a cute idea!"), Popeye, and Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys ("You're through rustlin' Bill Langley's yearlins, Legs Barton.")

Michael Gillgannon

WESTERN PEOPLE

Oatmeal sandwiches

Memory by Deborah Clark

The morning sun shone brightly between the crack of the cotton curtains in my bedroom. It was going to be a cold day. Every sunny beginning seemed to hammer the mercury further down the thin glass tube of the thermometer.

I looked at the foot of my bed. Sure enough, the top blanket was one of snow. I really had to ask Dad to find some more insulation to fill up the space around my window frame. The plastic nailed onto the outside helped but every time we had a west wind I got a new snow blanket for my bed. I inched my hand out from the edge of the quilts. The chilled air sent goosebumps up my arm. I felt for the stack of clothes I left on the chair beside my bed the previous night.

I pulled them into bed beside me. Their chill oozed toward my warmth and I shivered under the heavy weight of my bedclothes. Once they had warmed a little, I started to shimmy into them, a layer at a time. The trick was to get dressed without letting a puff of cold air into my warm cocoon. Most days I could do it. Now for the sweater; I slid my hands up the sleeves and pulled the hem to my armpits. Ducking under the covers, I popped back up with my sweater on.

Pulling the back down, I pushed the quilts back and jammed my feet into slippers. Giving the bedclothes a snap, I flipped the skiff of snow to the floor. I brushed it up and carried it to the bathroom and dumped it into the tub. As I made my ablutions, I could hear the rest of the family starting to stir.

My morning job was to stoke the woodstove and put the water on for

porridge. My parents were busy milking. I was to get the little ones ready for school. The kitchen began to radiate heat from its heart as the water began to boil.

A few minutes more and I would have to start the morning blitz. A few minutes of quiet to read a few pages of my book in the smoky light of the kerosene lamp. A few minutes to relish the calm silence that was so rare in a house with five kids, parents, and assorted pets. A few minutes of solitude in a home where the hustle of farm life bustled all day and into most nights.

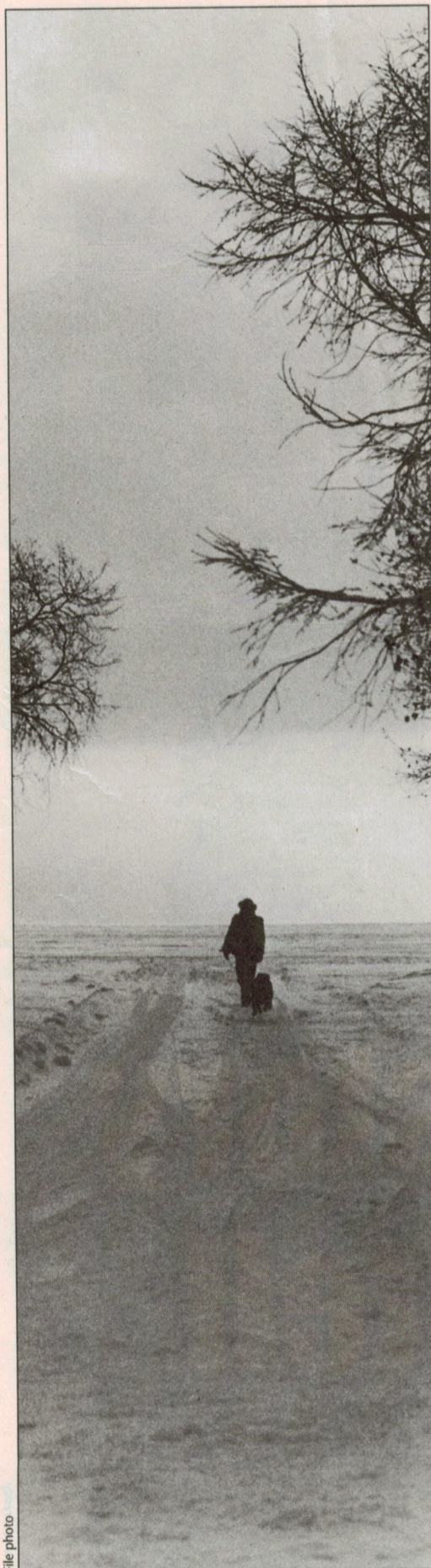
The sound of the cows crunching over the snow-packed yard drew me back. The porridge was bubbling. The other kids needed to be called down. Sandwiches had to be made. Lunch kits needed to be filled with thermoses of hot soup and crackling wax paper packages. Doors slammed and the kids rattled down the stairs. They made for the kitchen table and wrapped their hands around the bowls of hot porridge.

My mom came in with a pail of milk for the house. She poured it into the old hand separator and my brother cranked, a pitcher for the table, the rest for the fridge. The cream went into a can for the dairy truck.

Cups of syrupy sweet coffee, toast spread with home-made choke-cherry jelly and porridge and we were out the door.

Always last to the bus, I made my usual: a toast, cupped in my hand and filled with porridge and brown sugar. Oatmeal sandwiches, eaten at the bottom of the lane while I watched the swirls of snow and exhaust from the school bus as it approached.

Such are the memories of my country winters.



File photo



A story to tell

Heather Prystay

Cherry Kingsley had a grim look on her face as she walked through a quiet park last fall along the South Saskatchewan River in Saskatoon.

"Did you know this is a boys' stroll at night?"

At age 14, Kingsley began an eight-year spiral through a life of prostitution and drug use.

She looks younger than her 30 years. Her tiny build seems lost in a bulky sweater and a sprinkle of freckles add charm to her otherwise flawless complexion.

Kingsley spent her early years in Calgary with her mother, stepfather and older sister in a home she describes as violent and abusive.

"I ran away for the first time when I was five," she said. "I hid in the yard."

The abuse and neglect continued for years. She once sought help from a teacher, who in turn called her mother. "I thought that if you asked for help, you got in trouble."

When she was 10, Kingsley and her sister ran away again, but were picked up by police and placed in foster care. She moved through several foster homes and shelters. The violence and abuse did not stop, and school was especially difficult.

"There's a lot of shame and stigma associated with living in care. I felt like people were always looking down at me."

She started skipping school, and was 12 when a couple befriended her and started bringing small pleasures into her life. "We would go to the movies or out for coffee, and sometimes I'd stay at their place for the night."

When they asked 14-year-old Kingsley to move to Vancouver with them, it sounded like a dream come true. "They said they'd take care of me, and no one would know about me or my past. I could leave everything behind."

Within hours of arriving in Vancouver, Kingsley learned she had to work to earn her share of the hotel bill. She found herself on a street corner, forced

to sell her young body.

She worked 18-hour days, seeing up to 10 "clients" every night and giving all her money to the couple.

By the time she was 15, life was unbearable and she turned to a woman she knew for help. "She was the leader of a bike gang, and I ended up working for them."

The dark side of gang life pulled Kingsley into a world of drugs, and she became a heroin and cocaine addict at 15. She was isolated from the outside world, and the only people she had contact with were clients or other people in the trade.

Kingsley left Vancouver at 16 and headed for Los Angeles, where drugs took more control. Her first real experience with independence ended after she nearly died from an overdose. When the police learned she was still a ward of Alberta, they sent her back to Calgary. There she began to reach out and tell her story.

She worked with small support groups, and travelled to a national youth-in-care conference in Prince Edward Island. She found it easy to relate to other people who had shared her experiences, and was determined to start a similar group in Calgary when she returned.

Kingsley could not easily break away from her past and fell back into the sex trade. Her life became a string of johns and drugs. She watched as her friends began to die from overdoses, suicide, AIDS and murder.

"People would just go missing," she said, taking a long drag on a cigarette.

After she was brutally beaten and threatened with death by several clients, she knew she had to quit or die. At 22, she knew she had to start over.

Her earlier work with youth programs helped her to establish the B.C. Youth-In-Care network, and she began to talk publicly about her ordeals. She attracted the attention of UNICEF and found herself in Stockholm addressing the 1996 First World Congress Against Commercial Sexual Exploitation of Children. The 1,700 delegates were riveted by Kingsley's stories, and her message began to spread.

Since then, Kingsley has spoken in Europe, Asia and across North and South America. She lectured at a health

and human rights conference at Harvard, and addressed the United Nations in New York. However, she found that very few youth in the sex trade were hearing her story and decided to go into smaller areas.

After making contact with small focus groups of youth around the world, she and Sen. Landon Pearson co-chaired the first international summit for people who lived as she had. This summit was the springboard that launched her current campaign.

Since joining the Save The Children staff as project manager for Out Of the Shadows and Into the Light, Kingsley has travelled across Canada talking to schools, universities, professional groups, and people on the street. She is trying to shatter the stereotypes about street kids and focus on the victims, trying to dispel the myth that street kids were born there. They are not all from the city; some are from small towns and farms who headed to the city for bright lights and excitement, and some are being exploited right in their own communities.

"People think this is an urban issue. It's not. It's in work camps, fishing camps, malls, washroom . . . it's everywhere."

Fadi Fadel, Canadian program officer for Save The Children, said tens of thousands of Canadian children are involved in prostitution. Some are as young as seven or eight.

"There's no way to know exactly how many there are, but I would say there are around 20,000," he said.

Kingsley's battle has been a hard one. The mother of a seven-year-old son tried to open a safe house in Vancouver, a place where kids in the sex trade could go for help. The project could not get off the ground as no one wanted a house for child prostitutes on their block.

"People think those kids are on the street by choice, that they have somewhere else to go. They blame the kids. They don't want to help them; they just want them out of their neighborhoods."

Kingsley is also working to establish a national network.

"It's fine to go and talk to schools, but we need a national voice so people can see how serious and how real this problem is. People need to hear more about the victims." ■

◀ **Cherry Kingsley's frightening childhood got her involved, as a young adult, in founding and strengthening various youth programs.**

Famous

5

History by Brenda Dowell

In the early 1900s, one employer required a servant girl to take her weekly bath at the YWCA on her day off. As late as 1935, a 15-year-old girl worked so hard both indoors and out for a prominent Edmonton family that she lost 50 pounds in a few months. She came home after she had saved enough from her meager wages.

Her father drove her back to her employer's home. "I just wanted to see who could do this to my daughter," he told them before insisting the girl pack her clothes and return home.

A prime example of the second-class status accorded to women occurred when Nellie McClung purchased an insurance policy. She learned that women were insured only in case of death while men were insured for disabilities also.

In this pioneer era, a husband could sell the farm that both he and his wife had worked on, and leave with the proceeds. Men and women also had very different factory conditions and pay.

During this time, suffragettes were diligently fighting for the rights of women to vote in Canada. Many of them had begun by forming Temperance Unions around rallying cries of "Death on Booze". Laws dating to 1867

remained unchanged and unchallenged.

The consensus of opinion among men was that a woman's place was in the home. McClung was told frequently to darn socks. Only men were considered competent enough to hold public office.

A group of female activists known as the Famous Five brought about a change to the British North America Act and did much to advance the rights of women in the home and in public life. They included Emily Murphy, Henrietta Muir Edwards, Nellie McClung, Irene Parlby and Louise McKinney.

Capable, determined, knowledgeable, intelligent and possessed of extraordinary leadership qualities, they, with their zeal and energy knew no bounds.

Their contemporaries did not always appreciate their efforts. One was referred to as a "fanatical old busybody" but their individual and combined accomplishments have earned them recognition and fame, lasting through today, more than 70 years since the Persons Case.

Women learned about joining together to make changes. McClung first heard of the women's fight for the right to vote at a quilting bee. She advised women on the dangers of being satisfied with their lot.

She was such a powerful speaker that people swarmed to her rallies and paid admission. The turning point in her battle was the staging of a "Mock Parliament," a satire that poked fun at the statement that "a woman's place is in the home." It parodied "a man's place is on the farm" and showed all the dire consequences that would result if men were to leave their farms to take an active role in public life.

With the charismatic McClung as the main actress, the audience loved the play. The point was well taken and a major step was made to women winning the right to vote in Manitoba. It came to Manitoba women in January of 1916, quickly followed by Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The political careers of these five women were littered with firsts. Without any formal legal training, Murphy was appointed the first female magistrate in the British Empire. Three of her brothers were King's counsels, so she was not without support and advice.

She was also the first president of the Federated Women's Institute of Canada.

Parlby of Alix, Alta. was the first woman to hold a ministerial post — as minister without portfolio. Her interest was with the Farm Women's Union of Alberta, where she had served as its first president.



Glenbow Archives, NA-1514-3



Glenbow Archives, NA-2607-1

L to R: Nellie McClung, Henrietta Muir, Louise McKinney, Emily Murphy, Irene Parlby.



Glenbow Archives, NA-825-1



Glenbow Archives, NA-273-3



Glenbow Archives, NA-2204-12

McKinney, an expert on parliamentary procedure, was the first woman elected to hold a seat in the legislature. Both Murphy and Parlby were representatives to the League of Nations. McKinney was commissioner for the first General Council of the United Church and the only woman to sign the Basis of Union.

McClung was the only woman serving on the war council in 1918 and the first woman on the CBC board.

Parlby was the first woman to receive

Sowing Seeds and Danny, was also a noteworthy writer.

In 1922, Murphy related her deep concern for the "drug menace" in Canada by writing the book *The Black Candle*. When her husband was ill, she supported the family by writing magazine and newspaper articles. Edward's book *The Working Woman in Canada* drew attention to the drastic need for reform in this area.

These women served on many diverse boards. Their interests ranged from aid for immigrants to better playground equipment and education. They came from very different lifestyles and thrived in a young Canada. Parlby came from an upper class

home in England and eventually moved her entire family to Western Canada.

Murphy started school at age 10 in Ontario and adapted to all sorts of homes with her minister husband. Her homes included Liverpool, England where she first saw slum areas, to assisting her husband when he began a venture in lumber in the Canadian West. She was always aware of the needs of others and keen to correct injustices.

All their political careers were bolstered by their abilities as hostesses.

They were homemakers rather than housekeepers and often had help with chores.

On her first day as a magistrate, Murphy was challenged on whether a female could legally hold such a position. She called the experience "as pleasant as running rapids without a guide."

From her brother, she learned a challenge was possible to the BNA Act.

He pointed out that all that was necessary to receive a ruling on this or any other wording of this document was to have five people acting as a unit take their question to the Supreme Court.

Murphy quickly chose her four comrades. McClung, McKinney, Parlby and Muir Edwards were eager to join in this clarification, which would result in advancement for women's rights in so many ways

On May 28th, 1928 the Supreme Court of Canada was asked the question, "Does the word persons in Section 24 of the BNA Act include female persons?" The Supreme Court's response was negative. The document had to be considered in view of the time when it was enacted, the court ruled.

Undaunted, the five took their question to the Privy Council in England, the highest court of appeal. The judgment was reversed and women were declared persons on Oct. 18, 1929. ■

WOMEN LEARNED ABOUT JOINING

TOGETHER TO MAKE CHANGES. McCLUNG

FIRST HEARD OF THE WOMEN'S FIGHT FOR

THE RIGHT TO VOTE AT A QUILTING BEE.

her doctoral degree from the University of Alberta. Muir Edwards was instrumental in founding both the Victorian Order of Nurses and the National Council of Women.

Murphy and McKinney pushed to have the Dower Act passed. That allowed women to be entitled to one-third of a husband's property.

McKinney documented the legal status of women and children in Canada in three separate books. McClung, who had 15 books published, including



Carson Harty and Donna Brager raise wild boars and red Angus cattle near Onanole, Man.

A matter of essence

Story & photos by Karen Morrison

It's chow time at the Sunrise Ranch and the pen is lined with chortling, snorting wild boars. When they're done here, they'll scurry under the wooden fence and clean up what the neighboring cows do not eat.

Their owner, Carson Harty, fancies himself a bit of a boar whisperer, having closely studied the coarse-haired, snub-nosed critters since adding them to his Onanole, Man. farm a few years back.

He has identified no less than 11 different sounds in boars. Their barking is a danger signal to the herd, while chortling, tail-wagging and relaxed hair

bristles mean happy boars. "They can hurt you; you gotta just know that," he said.

Harty, whose well-defined muscles are accentuated by a slender build, is a hands-on farmer who believes in regular handling of his stock. A Red Angus cow stretches her chin out for Harty to scratch the underside.

His partner Donna Brager said Harty has a special way with animals and can react quickly to danger.

She and Harty raise feed for the cattle and boars on a half-section of land just south of Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba.

They farm with few chemicals, using Roundup only to keep the weeds down

around the electric fencing that contains the boars.

This region is suited more to livestock operations than grain growing due to higher elevations, a shorter growing season and cooler temperatures.

Both Harty, 46, and his partner, Donna Brager, 41, are deeply spiritual. They believe something deep inside drew them to the picturesque setting that would within weeks become their farm in 1993. "I've been around the world and this is a really cool spot," said Harty.

Brager is into psychic readings and hands-on healing therapies like reiki; Harty has studied transcendental med-

itation and is a prolific reader. Both see a future here for a healing centre.

Their Sunrise Ranch was named for its meaning as the beginning of everything. The three red flames on their farm business card represents past, present and future. "Without the sun, there is nothing," said Harty.

He lived for nearly a decade in Onanole before moving here, and continues to commute to jobs as an electrician and welder. "We wouldn't be here without off-farm income," said Harty.

There is evidence of his expertise in the abundance of metal gates and electric fencing on the farm.

Brager is admittedly less spontaneous than her mate, preferring to wait for a sign. "He moves like lightning, I move a lot slower," she said.

She continued with her hairstyling business full-time in Winnipeg, waiting till it felt right to move out. When the sale of her turn-of-the-century house and hairstyle shop came together within a month of finally deciding to move, she knew it was the sign she was waiting for.

She joined Harty in 1995, but continues to work in hairstyling in Winnipeg every other week, where she stays in close touch with her 23-year-old son, his three children and her mother. "As a couple you want to support each other, but not betray ourselves," explained Brager of her unique relationship with Harty.

The couple took very different paths to this place. Harty's was perhaps the most unconventional route. He never fit into school, failing every grade until dropping out and hitting the road at 14. He returned home to Thompson, married and, like his father, worked in the mines, but only for a few months. Soon, he left for a world of travel, skydiving, rodeo, bow and arrow hunting and Harley-Davidson motorcycles. His specialty was parachuting into rodeo arenas, and then riding out aboard a bull.

"I've led an adventurous life," said Harty, with a wry smile. "So I didn't care if I lived or died. I was going to live as fast and hard as I could."

It's a lifestyle that has taken its toll on his body. He spent six months in hospital with broken bones and third

degree burns to his legs from a plane crash that took the life of a skydiving buddy. "It was probably one of my greatest downfalls," he punned, stroking a dark beard.

From there, he found peace and more importantly, a sense of self-worth from a man who taught him transcendental meditation. "My life went from going for beers after work to go to do TM sessions," he said.

The hardest journey anyone will take is the inward journey," said Harty, who maintains a long-distance but close connection with his daughter from a previous relationship.

The model-thin Brager, her hair full of long dark curls, said she is not only physically stronger but has gained "an essence of who I am" from the farm.

"We can lose energy to the past, but it doesn't do us any good," said Brager. She prefers living "in the now."

Brager has no regrets about leaving the city behind, saying, "I have seen a side of life I wouldn't have seen in the city." She cited a recent wilderness experience, where she merged with the forest and was guided by an eagle through dense bush to a beautiful and tranquil spot.

"The country allows you to slow

down," said Brager. "This farm is my place of healing."

Close friends and family have been supportive of the move; Carson's mother has even invested in a cow.

"We brought life onto this place," Brager proudly asserts, noting its history as a dairy operation and more recently as a place where the owner spent little time.

They wanted to try something different, and the boars seemed a good fit with their alternative lifestyles and philosophies.

The boars are high-protein, low-cholesterol animals with good immunity, explained Brager. The cows came in 1998, as Harty saw potential in a purebred Angus breeding operation.

A portable sawmill has also helped pay some bills and cut wood for heating their small home and for building the 2,000-square-foot under construction in the yard site. "We don't want to get too big too fast," said Harty.

The completed basement of the new home will be added to as time and finances permit, they say. For now, they live next door in a converted garage warmed by the kitchen's black wood stove.

Farming was a real education for the pair who were raised in towns; she in



Harty operates a portable sawmill.

Winnipeg and he in Thompson as a miner's son who did not know the difference between "a cultivator and a deep tiller."

There was much support and sharing of information from locals, while some viewed them as naive outsiders. "If you're stupid enough to buy frozen grain that animals can't eat, they'll sell it to you and take your money and laugh about it at the coffee shop," Harty said.

He cited the two types of rural people he's encountered: "The one won't tell you in case you get ahead, and the other won't tell in case it doesn't work out."

Harty said it's all just information to him. "In the end, I make the choice. I just want all the information I can get."

They counted neighbors like Shirley and Ken Wark and Jim and Candy Irwin among those who helped the most.

Jim Irwin introduced Harty to a boar producer and helps out with the animals when Harty is away. Both are hard working and self-motivated, he said, calling Harty, "an entrepreneurial type of fellow."



Irwin serves boar sausage made by Harty and Brager at his Riding Mountain guest ranch. "He's got a winner there," he said, adding it is good enough to market widely.

Ken Wark, a pilot and cattle producer, got to know the couple by renting some hay land from them. Over the last 20 years, the area's cheaper land and tourism opportunities have attracted many people, particularly those looking at different ways of making a living. "Carson is one of them," said Wark, who came here in the Seventies to operate Shirley's family farm and raise their children.

He advised Harty to invest in good animals, preferably breeding stock and breeds like Simmentals or Red Angus.

"Carson was looking for something that would pay him a good dollar," he said. "If there's something you can sell for a fair dollar, it helps."

Success in farming comes from luck, good management and avoiding a big debt load, he said. It's an expensive proposition and often people pack it in because they decide it isn't worth the effort for the return they are getting. "Carson is a hard worker," Irwin said. "No reason he shouldn't succeed as far as that goes."

Like other farmers, Harty has had to deal with wildly fluctuating commodity prices, especially with the boars. He shakes his head in disgust as he recites service and warranty problems with a Russian tractor he regrets buying and with an area farmer that shot a baby boar that got away.

Harty knows stakes are high in the game of farming: "That's what farming is, the big VLT." ■

Legacy

The parking lots are filled with shiny cars

Disgoring young and old in fine attire

To purchase man-made pleasures, baubles, toys,

And antiseptic food from rows of shelves;

Milk in cardboard cartons, pure and cold,

Snow-white eggs all uniform in size,

Trays of meat, each portioned and deboned,

Geometric mounds of plums and pears;

In gaudy colors meant to catch the eye.

Is this the world that we have passed along,

With food so far removed from Nature's source?

Our children knew the smell of new-mown hay,

Watched sows give birth to piglets eight or ten,

Fed cats as foaming milk filled shiny pails

Gathered eggs still warm 'neath cackling hens;

Taught calves to drink by pushing cold, wet nose

Into buckets filled with mother's milk;

Cleaned stalls and gutters, carried bales of hay,

Watched mating in the spring in Nature's way;

Planted seeds and watched a garden grow,

Picked berries in the woods, saw wild plants grow;

And in the autumn dug the pungent earth

To find potatoes, carrots — winter's food.

These days are disappearing from the land

As corporations and machines move in,

Taking over toil of family farms

Where father, mother, children once produced.

Will people feel connected to their food

Or understand the labor that it cost?

They'll have no cosy thoughts of winter nights

In barns where cattle munched on fragrant hay,

Or all night vigils as a sow gave birth

And tiny pigs were rescued and kept warm,

While tiny kittens hid in nests of straw

And baby chicks peeped loud beneath a light.

Perhaps the Lord above has other plans;

I'll put my troubled thoughts into His hands

— Dorothy S. Armstrong

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1-800-668-6868

Meet a real class clown

By Hazel Anaka

Cody Schoepp may crack the occasional joke in school, but he gets the most laughs far from the classroom.

The 15-year-old from Lamont, Alta., is a rodeo clown — Zachary Yo-Yo, to be exact.

He's been doing it since the tender age of eight, when his father, Wayne, who was announcing at the Fort Assiniboine rodeo, gave him his first break.

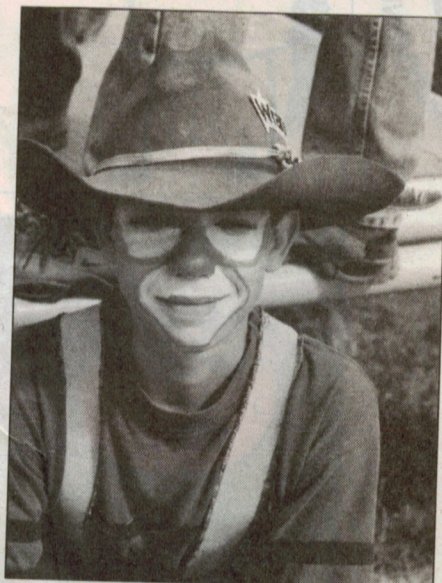
"During a lull in the action, I jumped down off the fence with my plastic guitar. Dad put on some Elvis music. The crowd loved it. From that day on, I was hooked," Cody said.

Clowning evolved from three-minute skits to 20-minute acts during intermissions. Wayne did voiceovers from the announcer's booth until Cody got a headset microphone at age 10 and started delivering his own lines.

By 12, he added llamas to the act.

"I chose to work llamas into my act because everything else had been done," said the slight-framed Cody, who rides his favorite llama, four-year-old Zyblack around the ring.

Training a llama can take one to two hours per day for six months to one year. The family has also trained them to pull



Jodie Schoepp

Cody Schoepp, 15, has an unusual sidekick: a llama.

a small wagon in parades.

Not all llamas can be trained, Cody said. "Some just kind of quit on you. Zyblack was a different story. I rode him bareback for a couple of days. Then I threw a saddle and bit on him. We kind of went to town, never turned back. He's been that good."

Cody enters most local parades and regularly wins prizes.

He knows that his success comes with the help of others, including sponsors to offset the cost of materials and equipment and a partnership with llama breeder Sharon Ewanchuk.

His sister Jodie has been part of the act and paints his signs. Wayne handles the publicity and his mother Darlene is there with general support. "When I have a bad day, when I feel like I want to quit, she puns me back up."

His hero and mentor is rodeo clown Rickey Ticky Wanchuk, who he toured with last summer. Dennis Halstead is another great role model.

Rodeo season begins in April with the Lamont Bullarama and ends in late August with the World Finals in Saddle Lake, Alta.

Training animals, attending Grade 9 and giving weekend performances mean little time for anything else. In the off-season, Cody builds new props for his acts and develops new material. He is now using pyrotechnics in his act.

Cody said rodeo work is not without its risks. "I've got lots of battle wounds, but in the end I'm all okay."

Money management

It's a hard fact of life: Money is easier to spend than to earn. If you're always wondering how your allowance disappears so quickly, maybe it's time to check out the Web site www.allowancenet.com. Take charge of your finances by setting up your own company and managing your own business online.

Sound complicated? It isn't really, because all the info is based on what you really earn by doing chores around the house.

To get started, you and your parents go online, chart your chores and agree on how much you should earn. Need a bargaining chip? You can find out what other kids online are

earning for doing the same job, like collecting eggs or feeding the pigs. At the end of each week, you can submit an invoice, which your parents approve (so if you didn't pick eggs, you don't get paid for that activity).

Tools, such as a "Goal Calculator," let you know exactly how long it'll take to earn enough to buy some stuff.

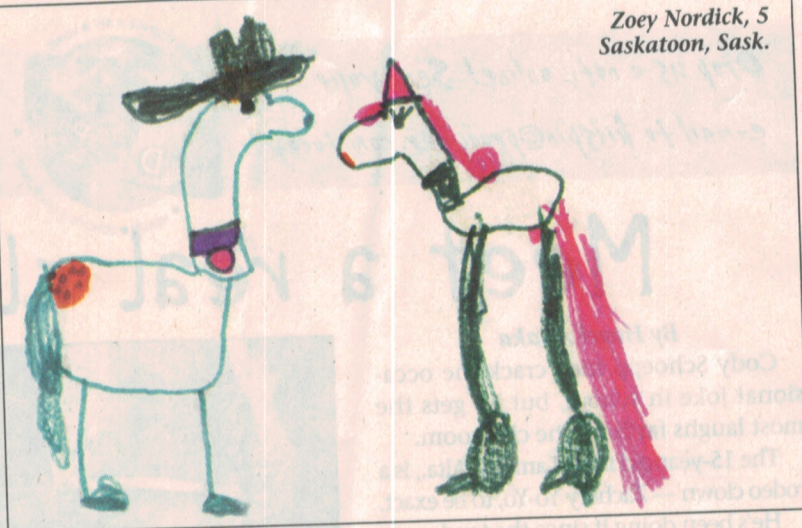
Sites to skip

Q: I was searching for a Web site on the Holocaust and found one that tried to pass off hateful stuff as history. What should I do?

A: Unfortunately, the Web is full of such sites. You could download a filter to block sites like this (the Anti-Defamation League has one). But perhaps the best way to fight ignorance is to get informed. Try www.spicenter.org, www.adl.org or www.hatewatch.org for info.

KIDBITS
News for youths

Zoey Nordick, 5
Saskatoon, Sask.



Morning

Jillian Johnston, 17
Falher, Alta.

Pale blue shadows
Slice across the snow
With bright yellow fingers
Of son amongst them
Cats on my bed
Gaze out my window
Stirring, purring
Wake me up to see it too
Or perhaps they just
Want to cuddle.
Oh, well,
It's beautiful anyways.



Courtney Zabolotney, 10,
Viceroy, Sask

Amanda Weekes, 10, Biggar, Sask.



ping. If interested, please write: P.O. Box 1914, Enchant, Alta. TOK OVO.

Hi! My name is Gheorghe Beliveau. I like to tapdance, read sometimes, and love animals. Looking for a girl penpal 10 years old. — P.O. Box 384, Rockglen, Sask. SOH 3R0.

Hello! My name is Amber Serhan. I am 13. My favorite movie is Jawbreaker and favorite bands are Placebo, Korn and Hole. Would like penpal aged 13-18 who lives outside of Sask. with same interests. Write: 1614 Avenue B North, Saskatoon, Sask. S7L 1H3.

I'm a 13 year old girl who enjoys reading, writing, animals, sports, drawing, and writing poetry. Male or female ages 13 and up. — Sarah Bourgeois, P.O. Box 620, Evansburg, Alta. TOE 0T0.

Hi, my name is Tiffany Kossowan and I'm 14. Would like to have a girl or boy penpal from ages 13-15. I enjoy listening to music and sports. Please write if interested. Will respond to all letters. — P.O. Box 234, Glendon, Alta. TOA 1P0.

Hi, my name is Jordan Brown. I'm 10 and play lacrosse in the summer and snowboard in the winter. I like Nintendo. Please write to: 12002 - 55th St., Edmonton, Alta. T5W 3R2.

Hello, my name is Frieda Susan Walter, 16 years old. Would like Christian penpals 16-20. Hobbies are singing, crafts, writing letters, reading and more. — P.O. Box 70, Eastend, Sask. SON 0T0.

Hi! My name is Shane Loessl. I'm 10 years old and looking for a boy penpal 10 or 11. I like soccer, baseball, snowmobiles, quads, swimming, Beef 4-H and animals. Write: P.O. Box 2711, Humboldt, Sask. SOK 2A0.

Hi, my name is Chantal Roy. I'm 13 years old. Would like a penpal aged 12-14, boy or girl. I live on a farm and like reading, writing, poetry, acting and music. If you would like to, write: P.O. Box 66, Hoey, Sask. SOJ 1E0.

Hi, I'm looking for a penpal aged 13-15, male or female. I enjoy all music, most movies, animals, especially horses, piano, sports from snowboarding to golfing. Anyone interested, write to: Megan Buskas, R.R. 2, Wetaskiwi, Alta. T9A 1W9.

Hi! My name is Connie Jasper. Would like a guy penpal ages 13-15. I'm a 13 year old farm girl who likes animals, sports, reading and writing letters, movies and listening to music. If this sounds interesting, write: P.O. Box 114, Hartney, Man. ROM 0X0.

WESTERN PEOPLE

Finder's keepers

Finding shed antlers and helping others find them has grown into more than a pastime for Bentley Coben

By Sylvia MacBean

Bentley Coben finds the best things in life are free, like prairie sunsets, northern lights and hunting for treasures in the buck brush.

Coben, 47, of Tessier, Sask., once active in Scouts and 4-H, enjoys the outdoors, photography and finding a deer antler in the grass.

He started picking up antlers on bird hunting trips with his father as a boy. "Antlers are pretty fascinating," said Coben. "They are all different. They are a work of art."

Now, he has people coming from all over to go shed antler hunting or to photograph wildlife with him. It has become a hobby that pays.

"People are coming from the United States, some of them are in their 60s and they come and stay for three days," he said.

"[Once] they found 42 antlers in two days," said Coben. "Then they came back and brought more friends. They found 66 one day and 124 in all. They were beside themselves."

The business is growing and he plans to build additional rooms onto his home to accommodate the visitors.

His wife Diane works from home booking the guests, while Coben works full-time at the potash mine.

He moved from Tessier as a small



Bentley Coben (left) with friend Kevin Ehrhardt after an antler hunting expedition.

boy, returning as an adult with wife and family. As a child, he once picked up three sets of antlers on a bush search with his uncle. One of them was 106 inches.

As an adult, he introduced the hobby to his children. "I would take a photo of the deer and each year we would go hunting for his antlers for each year until he died."

You can tell a lot about a deer by his antlers, said Coben. "Antlers are just like fingerprints; they are identical. They have the same coloring, the same texture and the same appearance. They may get an extra point here or there and they get bigger.

"You can tell by looking at the antlers if the deer got into a fight or got injured during the year. The antlers may recess in size and then when their body heals the next year they grow a stronger set."

They do this until they are about seven or eight years old, then they start declining until they die at around age 10.

Deer will lose one antler and then, up to nine days later, the second one will drop. "The deer will lose the other in the same area. They have a bedding area, a travel route and a feeding area. The deer can lose those antlers nine days apart, but they will still be found close together.

"You can walk in an area and you can go for three miles without seeing an

antler and then suddenly there they are all together in one spot. I call these core shedding areas.

Coben said he has a new appreciation for the land.

"You get an appreciation for the animals, the farmer and his land and without the landowner we wouldn't be there," he said.

He said that Prairie people take it for granted that visitors can get around out here without getting lost.

"I had to learn that you take nothing for granted. It is a pretty cruel place out there and you can die if you get lost. You have to park the vehicle by a road or fence line, and make sure they know how to use a compass, so they could find it again.

Coben is a consultant with the North American Shed Hunting Club, a club for those who collect and compare antlers. He teaches the members how to measure their antlers and they talk about where to find them.

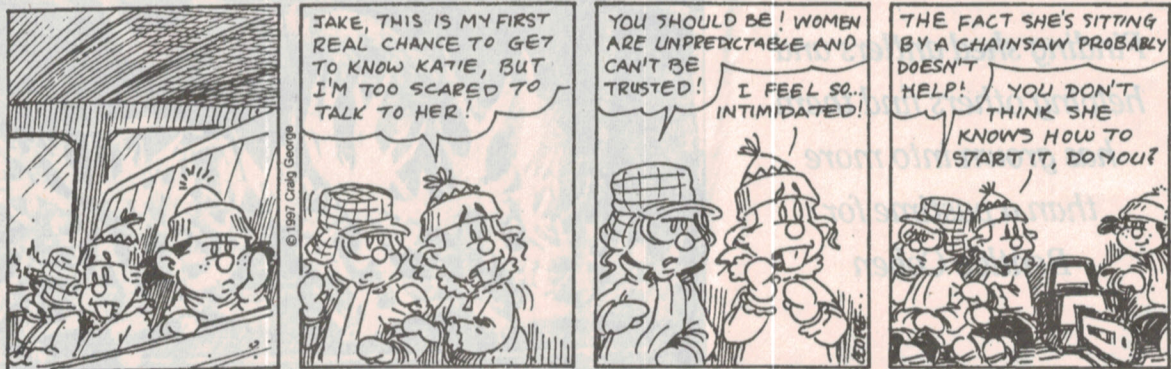
He spends about two hours on the phone each night talking to people interested in shed antler hunting from all across North America. He has also made a video with the help of Gordon Eastman from Wyoming called "Treasures in the buck brush."

The antler hunting business is a perfect fit with Coben's lifestyle. "There is no season, no limit, no cost, and you make a clean living."

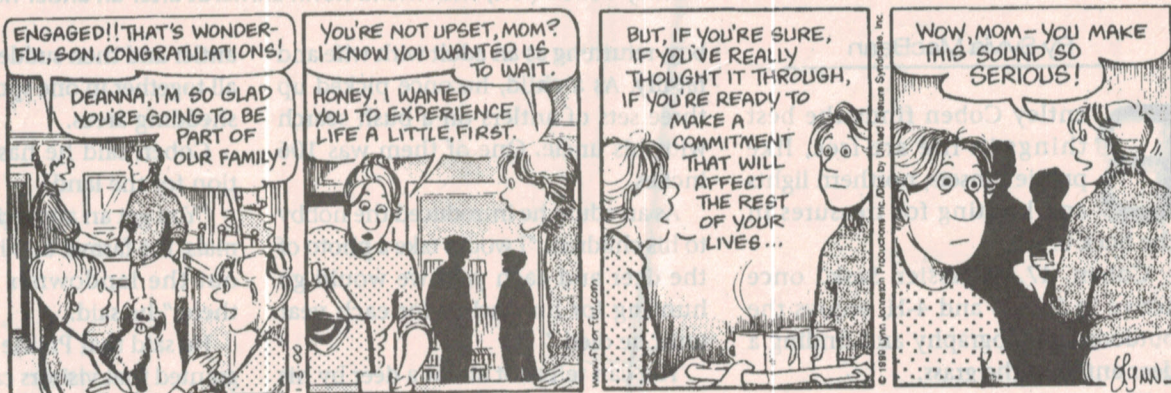
PEANUTS Classics



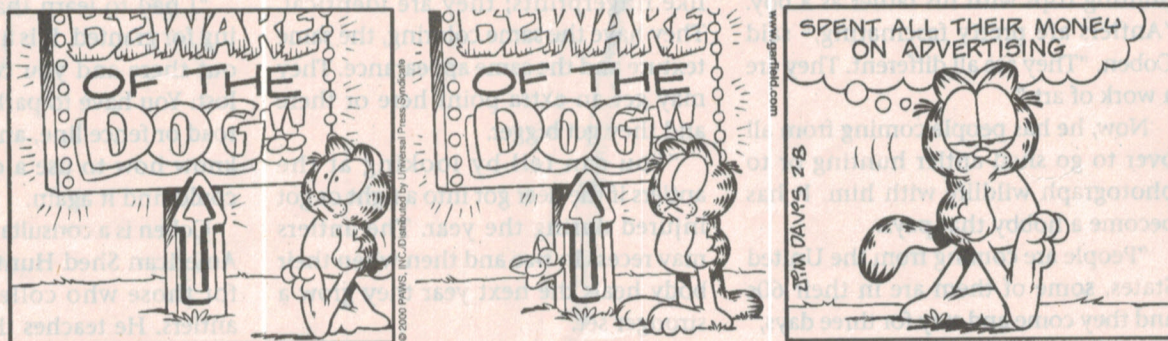
RURAL ROOTZ



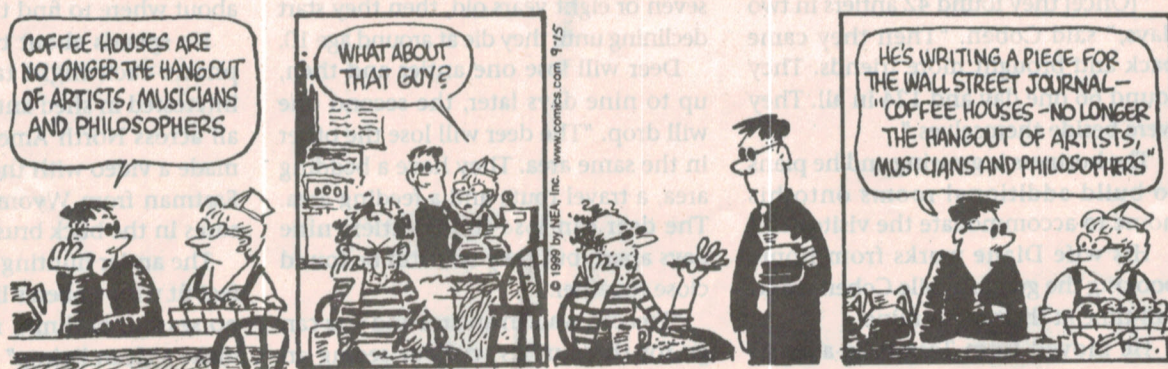
For BETTER or for WORSE



GARFIELD

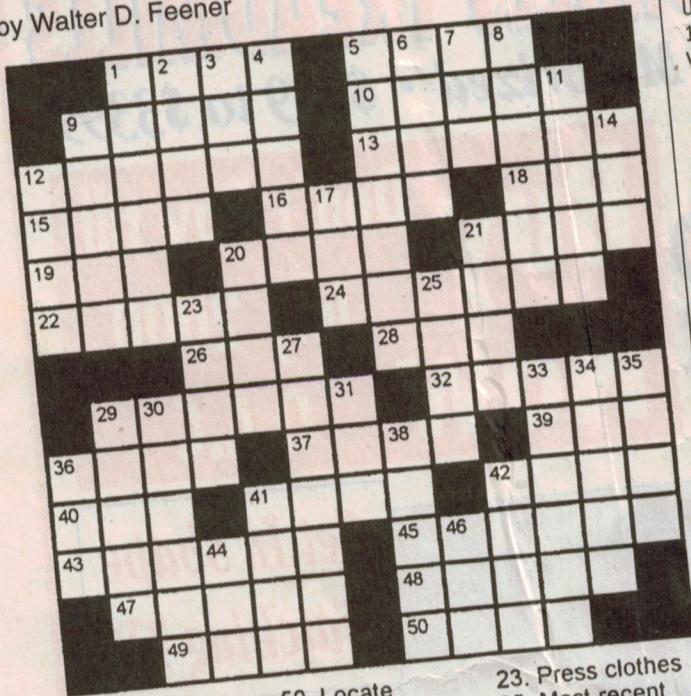


BETTY



Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener



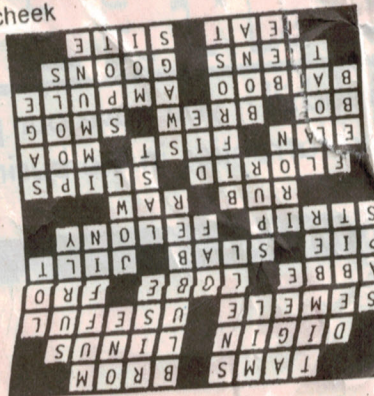
ACROSS

50. Locate

1. Woolen caps
5. Ichabod Crane's rival eating
9. Commence
10. Lucy and Rerun's brother daughter
12. Cadmus' daughter
13. Advantageous
15. Member of the secular clergy
16. Ear part
18. Opposite of to
19. Kind of chart
20. Thick slice
21. Reject a lover
22. Remove varnish from
24. Major crime
26. Polish
28. Like recruits, perhaps
29. Tinged with red
32. Pillowcases
36. Vivacity
37. Boxing weapon
39. Extinct bird
40. Tarzan's son
41. Prepare coffee
42. Atmospheric pollutant
43. Cane material
45. Sealed glass vial
47. Adolescent years
48. Hired hoodlums
49. Orderly

DOWN

1. Lumberjack's call
2. "The Morning Watch" author
3. Wire measure
4. Fishhook line
5. Whale fat
6. Move upwards
7. Lowest whole number
8. Small quick bread
9. Accounts collectable
11. Sullenly rude
12. Drains the energy from
14. Abraham's nephew
17. Lout
20. Climbing iron
21. Meat of a hog's cheek
23. Press clothes
25. Most recent
27. Bridge from Midgard to Asgard
29. Drift along
30. Neophytes
31. Kick the bucke
33. Protected by inoculation
34. Small ponds
35. Wise one
36. Flow back
38. Festoons
41. fide
42. Dalmatian dog's name?
44. Social gathering
46. Miss Piggy's cry



MAILBOX

Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

Wanted: Information on Bert Miller, born between 1885-1889 in North Dakota., USA. Came to Stettler, Alta. in early 1900s. Had two sons living in Ponoka, Alta. in 1970. Any info would be appreciated. — Marilyn McInnes, P.O. Box 305, Barriere, B.C. VOE 1E0, 250-672-9700.

Wanted: Post, Jello, Kraft and other hockey cards. — P.O. Box 316, Porcupine Plain, Sask. SOE 1H0.

Thank you to all those kind people who phoned or wrote regarding a glass chimney for an aladdin lamp. The response was overwhelming. — Mrs. Arnold Pearen, P.O. Box 134, Deloraine, Man. ROM 0M0.

Wanted: Used postage stamps from anywhere. Also, any unwanted hair styling magazines. Please send to: Echo Fettes, 2719 Pepper Dr., Regina, Sask. S4V 0X4.

Wanted: Crochet pattern for either the "Last supper" or "Lord's prayer." Will pay reasonable amount. Please write: Karlynn Marshall, P.O. Box 420, Bowden, Alta. TOM 0K0.

Thanks to everyone for all the songs sent. They were greatly appreciated. — Bob Evans, 1233 - 6th Ave., Wainwright, Alta. T9W 1G2.

Wanted: Blaine Lake history book. — E. Dessau, P.O. Box 7, Boston Bar, B.C. VOK 1C0.

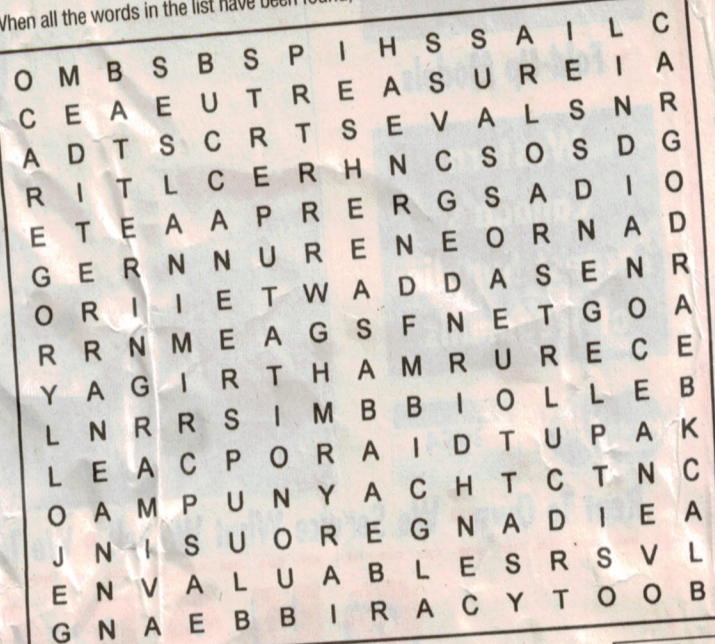
Wanted: Seeds from bayberry, buffaloberry, yucca, sumac, filbert or hazelnut, honeysuckle, hydrangea, juniper, mountain laural, mock orange, potentilla, spirea. Will pay for these or trade for flower seeds. — J. Fester, P.O. Box 149, Mildred, Sask. SOL 2L0.

Amaranth homecoming reunion, July 28-30, 2000, Amaranth, Man., our 90th year. You are invited to attend this weekend celebration and slate of events with friends and neighbors. Please send names and addresses of interested persons who would like more information to: Bea Robb, P.O. Box 103, Amaranth, Man. ROH 0B0.

PIRATES

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.



Battering Ram
Blackbeard
Booty
Buccaneers
Cargo
Caribbean
Crav
Criminals
Dangeous
Famous
Gangs
Indian Ocean

Jolly Roger
Legends
Mediterranean
Oars
Plunder
Raid
Reputation
Route
Sail
Shipping
ships
Saves

Surrender
Threat
Treasure
Valuables
Victims
Yacht

Solution
(13
letters):

robbers
Ocean's

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